THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

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Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

THE FRIAR'S TALE.

IN several Convents situated among the mountains which divide France and Italy a custom prevails that does honour to human nature; in these sequestered cloisters, which are often placed in the most uninhabited parts of the Alps, strangers and traveller's are not only hospitably entertained, but a breed of dogs are trained to go in search of wanderers, and are every morning sent from the Convents with an apparatus fastened to their collars, containing some refreshment, and a direction to travellers to follow the sagacious animal: many lives are by this means preserved in this wild romantic country. During my last visit to the south of France, I made a trip into this mountainous region, and at the Convent of *******, where I was at first induced to prolong my stay by the majestic scenery of its environs; as that became familiar, I was still more forcibly detained by the amiable manners of the reverend Father, who was at that time Superior of that Monastry; from him I received the following pathetic narrative, which I shall deliver, as nearly as I can recollect, in his own words.

"About twenty years ago, (said the venerable old man) I was then in the fifty-seventh year of my age, and second of my priority over this house, a most singular event happened through the sagacity of one of these dogs, to which I became myself a witness. Not more than a dozen leagues from hence, there lived a wealthy gentleman, the father of Matilda, who was his only child, and whose history I am going to relate. In the same village lived also Albert, a youth possessed of all the world deems excellent in man, except one single article, which was the only object of regard in the eyes of Matilda's father. Albert, with a graceful person, cultivated mind, elegance of manners, and captivating sweetness of disposition, was poor in fortune; and Matilda's father was blind to every other consideration; blind to his daughter's real happiness, and a stranger to the soul-delighting sensation of raising worth and genius, depressed by poverty, to affluence and independence. Therefore, on Matilda's confession of unalterable attachment to her beloved Albert, the cruel father resolved to take advantage of the power which the laws here give a man, to dispose of his *Daughter* and of his *Wealth* at pleasure; the latter he determined to bequeath to his nephew Conrad, and Matilda was sent to a neighbouring convent; where, after a year's probation, she was to be compelled to renounce both Albert and the world.

"Conrad, whose artful insinuations had long worked on the mind of this misguided father, was not content with having thus separated these lovers, but by inciting prosecution from the petty creditors of Albert, drove him from his home; and after many fruitless endeavours to communicate with his lost mistress, he fled for sanctuary to this convent. Here (said the hoary monk) I became acquainted with the virtues of that excellent young man, for he was our guest about ten months.

"All this time Matilda passed her days in wretchedness and persecution; the Abbess of her convent sister Theresa, who, to the disgrace of her profession, and our Holy Church, disguised the disposition of the Devil in the garment of a saint; became the friend and minister of Conrad's wicked purposes, and never ceased to persecute Matilda by false reports concerning Albert, urged her to turn her thoughts from him, to that heavenly spouse to whom she was about to make an everlasting vow. Matilda scorned her artifice, and love for Albert resisted every effort of the Abbess to shake her confidence in his fidelity.

"She was in the last week of her noviciate, when her father became dangerously ill, and desired once more to see her. Conrad used every endeavour to prevent it, but in vain; she was sent for; and the interview was only in the presence of Conrad and the nurse; but when the dying father perceived the altered countenance of his once beloved child, his heart condemned him, he reflected that the wealth which he was going to quit forever, belonged to her, and not to Conrad, and he resolved to expiate his cruelty by cancelling the will, and consenting to the union of Albert and Matilda. Having made a solemn declaration of his purpose, he called for the will; then taking Matilda's hand in one of his, and pressing the fatal writing with the other, he said, "Forgive thy father! destroy this paper, and be happy: so be my sins forgiven in Heaven!" The joy of his heart at this first effort of benevolence, was too much for his exhausted spirits, and he expired as he uttered the last words, letting fall the will which he was going to deliver.

"Matilda's gentle soul was torn with contending passions. she had lost her father at the moment when he had bestowed fresh life; and, in the conflict betwixt joy and grief, sunk on the lifeless corpse in an agony of gratitude and filial tenderness.

"Meanwhile, Conrad did not slip this opportunity to complete his plan, which by the dying words of his uncle had been so nearly defeated; he secured the will, and corrupted the nurse by promises and bribes, never to reveal what she had witnessed; half persuading the interested doating old woman, that it was only the effect of delirium in the deceased. This idea was but too well supported by the first question of Matilda, who exclaimed, as she came to herself, "Where am I! sure 'tis a dream! my father could not say I should be happy, he could not bid me tear that fatal will? Speak! am I really awake, or does my fancy mock me with such sounds?" The artful Conrad assured her that nothing of the kind had passed, telling her that her father had only mentioned Albert's name to curse him; and, with his last breath commanding her to take the veil at the expiration of the week. All this the perjured nurse confirmed; and then Matilda, being perfectly recovered, first saw the horrors of her situation. It was in vain for her to deny what they asserted, or remonstrate against their combined perfidy. She was presently, by force, again conveyed to her nunnery, in a state of mind much easier to imagine than describe.

"Here she was more violently than ever attacked by Theresa's persecution, who urged, with increased vehemence, the pretended positive commands of her dying father: and by the advice of Conrad, used severities of conventional discipline, which almost robbed the devoted victim of her reason; still pleading that Religion justified her conduct. Can it be wondered that such cruel treatment should at length disturb the piety and faith of poor Matilda? and induce her to exclaim with presumptuous bitterness against the holy institutions of our church, and brand the sacred ordinances of our religion with unjust suspicions. "Why! (said she) why are these massy gates permitted to exist, why are these naked walls sad prisons of innocence and youth, where fraud and cruelty have power to torture and confine the helpless? Religion is the plea: Religion! which should bring peace, and not affliction, to its votaries; then surely that religion which justifies these gloomy dungeons must be false, and I will abjure it: Yes! I will fly to happier regions, where prisons are allotted only to the guilty; there no false vows to Heaven are exacted, but Albert and Matilda may be yet happy."—The possibility of an escape had never before presented itself, and indeed, it never could have occurred but to one whose reason was disordered, for she well knew that the doors were secured by many bars and locks, and that the keys were always deposited beneath the pillow of the Abbess.

"Her imagination was now too much heated to attend to any obstacles, and with a mixture of foresight inspired by insanity, she packed up all her little ornaments of value, carelessly drew on her clothes, and put in her pocket some bread and provision which had been left in her cell; then wrapping round her elegant form one of the blankets from the bed, she lighted a taper, and fearless walked towards the Cloister door, idly expecting that it would fly open of its own accord, to innocence like her's—and now methinks I see her, with hair dishevelled face pale and wan, her large black eyes wildly staring, and the whole of her ghastly figure, lighted by the feeble glimmer of her taper, majestically stalking through the gloomy vaulted hall; arrived at the great door, she found it partly open, and scarce believing what she saw, she quickly glided through it; but, as she passed, an iron bar, which she had not observed, and which projected at the height of her forehead, slightly grazed her temple, and though she scarcely felt the wound, yet it added new horrors to her look, by covering her ghostlike face with streaks of blood.

"Although Matilda had never considered the improbability of passing this door, she now reflected with wonder how she had passed it, and fear of a discovery began to operate as she with more cautious steps moved silently through the cloister towards the outer gate; which when she approached, she heard Theresa's voice whispering these words: 'Adieu, dear Conrad; but remember that your life, as well as mine, depend on the secrecy of our conduct:' then tenderly embracing each other, a man ran swiftly from her, and the Abbess turning round, stood motionless with horror at the bloody spectre firmly approaching. The guilty mind of Theresa could only suppose the horrid vision to be the departed spirit of one whom she thought her cruelties had murdered; and while the panic seized her whole frame, a gust of wind from the gate extinguished the taper, Matilda seemed to vanish, as she resolutely pushed through the postern door still open.

"Theresa was too well hackneyed in the ways of vice, to let fear long take possession of her prudence; the night was dark, and it would have been in vain to pursue the phantom, if her recovering courage had suggested it; she therefore resolved to fasten both the doors, and return in silence to her own apartment, waiting, in all the perturbation of anxiety and guilt, till morning should explain this dreadful mystery.

(To be Continued.)

For the Lady's Miscellany.

CHARACTER OF A FINE GENTLEMAN.

When a good artist would express any remarkable character in sculpture, he endeavours to work up his figure into all the perfection his imagination can form, and to imitate, not so much what is, as what may, or ought to be.

I shall follow their example in the idea I am going to trace out, of a *fine gentleman*, by assembling together such qualifications as seem requisite to make the character complete. In order to this, I shall premise, in general, that, by a fine gentleman, I mean, a man completely qualified, as well for the service and good, as for the ornament and delight of society.

When I consider the frame of mind peculiar to a gentleman, I suppose it graced with all the dignity and elevation of spirit, of which human nature is capable. To this, I would have joined a clear understanding, a reason free from prejudice, a steady judgment, and an extensive knowledge.

When I think of the *heart* of a gentleman, I imagine it firm and intrepid, void of all inordinate passions, and full of tenderness, compassion, and benevolence. When I view the fine gentleman with regard to his *manners*, methinks I see him modest without bashfulness; frank and affable, without impertinence; obliging and complaisant, without servility; cheerful and in good humour, without noise. These amiable qualities are not easily obtained, neither are there many that have a genius to excel this way. A finished gentleman is, perhaps, the most uncommon of all the great characters in life. Besides the natural endowments with which this distinguished man is to be born, he must run through a long series of EDUCATION. Before he makes his appearance, and shines in the world, he must be principled in religion, instructed in all the moral virtues, and led through the whole course of the *polite arts* and *sciences*. He should be no stranger to courts and camps; he must travel, to open his mind, to enlarge his views, to learn the policies and interest of foreign states, as well as to fashion and polish himself, and to get clear of national prejudices, of which every country has its share. To all these most essential improvements, he must not forget to add the *fashionable* ornaments of life, such as the languages, and bodily exercises most in vogue; neither would I have him think even *dress* beneath his notice. It is no very uncommon thing in the world, to meet with men of probity; there are likewise a great many of honour to be found; men of courage, sense, and letters, are frequent, but a real fine gentleman is what we seldom see; he is properly a compound of the various good qualities that embellish mankind. As the great poet animates all the different parts of learning by the force of his genius, and irradiates all the courses of his knowledge by the lustre and brightness of his imagination, so all the great and solid reflections of life appear in the finished gentleman, with a beautiful gloss and varnish; every thing he says and does is accompanied with a manner, or rather a charm, that draws the admiration and good will of every beholder. F.

DOMESTIC PLEASURES.

ABROAD, men sometimes pass for more, and sometimes for less, than they are worth. The politician rolls himself up like a hedge hog before strangers; but in private he shoots his quills. Liberty and leisure develope character. It is in the domestic circle, in the family parlour, in his gown and slippers, in giving orders to his servants, that a man is thoroughly seen. Here he acts without disguise or restraint. Here he assumes no unnatural airs of importance, but calmly lays aside his foreign manners, and all his extravagant pretensions. Whether accustomed to rule in the senate, to expound in the desk, or to contend in the field, he claims no privilege from his factious consequence, when he enters his own mansion. The tenderness of a wife instantly arches his brow, and he gladly exchanges the robe or the sword, the high toned voice, and the stately port, for the prattle of his children, and the puerilities and sports of the hearth. Here, unpinioned by fashion, he acknowledges the dominion of nature, and neither a stranger nor a bachelor intermeddleth with his joy.

He will not blush that has a father's heart,
To take in childish play a childish part:
But bends his sturdy neck to any toy,
That youth takes pleasure in, to please his boy.

SELECT SENTENCES.

SAYS Philintus, "What *can* be the meaning of it?—it is certainly so. The world is *not* fond of me; and yet, Heaven knows, I do all I can to please every body. I study the humour of every body, and endeavour to indulge it. I omit no opportunity of doing pleasure or service; and yet—I see it plainly—the world does not like me. This is very ungrateful, though, after all.—D-mn the world. Rot me if ever I bestow another moment's attention, or thought upon it?" Thus Philintus resolved,—and from that moment every body was delighted with him.

Those who have *most* to *give*, are most likely to complain of man's ingratitude. For this reason, a king observed, "that his power of dispensing favours, was the most painful task of royalty; since he never gave a place away but he made ninety nine *discontented*, and one *ungrateful* subject." Nearly to the same purpose was my lord B's answer, on being asked why he discontinued annual balls. He said, "His rooms were not large enough to contain more than two hundred persons, and that he feared making all above that number, who were his friends, his enemies; for he had observed that those ladies, who *were* invited, *forgot* it, before the next year; but those who were *not* invited, never forgot it during their lives."

Who would refuse to acknowledge ingenuity in the youth, who excused a vulgar illiterate lad, for defacing a mile stone, by saying, "He had proved great proficiency in *arithmetic*, who could so *easily reduce figures by vulgar fractions?*"

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany

THE CONTRAST OF THE PRESENT, WITH OUR POSSIBLE SITUATION,

EFFICACIOUS IN CHECKING THE PROGRESS OF DISCONTENT.

"THE night rolls rapidly away, and I in vain expect the ungrateful man who has deserted me. That such coldness should dwell in one who calls himself a lover! that my tenderness should be thus outraged! Alas, it is matrimony that has made me miserable! While I was still free, young, and beautiful, I loved, and I tasted happiness! but now Dorval is unfaithful. How is the female sex to be pitied among a people who are called so sensible and so superior, so distinguished for their nobleness and their gallantry! Women have every thing to dread; marriage, love, the opinion of the world, and the laws themselves. Happy, thrice happy, those remote regions, faithful still to nature, where love knows no deceit, but reigns without artifice, without anxiety, and without end!"

Thus exclaimed the young and blooming Celina, as, stretched on a bed of the softest down, but which to her was a bed of thistles, she laid anxiously listening for the well known knock of a husband, whose manners and habits were too modish to be agreeable to one who had married with the chimerical expectation of finding him always a lover. Celina possessed a lively imagination, and a heart more than sufficiently susceptible, the latter had disposed her to form an early attachment to Dorval, and the former pictured, in an union with him, a thousand delights which life never realized. Disappointed at finding the marriage state not all that she fancied it, Celina, by discontent, rendered it much worse than she might have proved it; by contrasting the overcharged picture painted on her imagination with the sober representation of wedded life which she found at home, she continually added to the incidental vexations of the marital state, and deepened the mortification and chagrin which must invariably result from a tendency to regard any situation of life as productive of unalloyed happiness. Dorval was frank good humoured, agreeable, and sincerely attached to his wife; but he was gay, fond of company, and had been so completely tired of living only to love, by passing something more than the honey-moon with Celina, in a romantic but solitary retirement, that he returned to the gay metropolis, where they now resided, with a tenfold relish for all its pleasures; and while Celina, in spite of every entreaty to the contrary, remained moping at home, he was seen by turns in every fashionable circle in London.

While Celina was indulging in such soliloquies as we have given a specimen of, sleep overpowered her, and she was conveyed by Morpheus, in a dream, to the uncultivated regions of North America, and landed on the banks of the Mississippi. The scene was wild, but sublime, and as all remembrance of Dorval had now vanished, the enraptured Celina began to construct new fabrics of visionary happiness, which she doubted not these romantic wilds would realise. She traversed with light and sylph-like steps, a path which led into the interior of the country, and had proceeded some distance from the Mississippi, when suddenly a savage, copper-coloured, naked, and besmeared with dirt, stood before her. He addressed her, he told her she must be his wife; and laying a quantity of skins, stakes, and tools, upon her back, bade her hasten to a place which he pointed out, and build them a hut. "You must then prepare my dinner," said he, "and when I am satisfied, you may regale upon the remainder." Trembling beneath her burden, and weeping bitterly the disappointment of those hopes which had taught her to expect bliss supreme in those artless regions, she bent her way to the distant spot where her delicate hands were to be employed in the rough labour her tyrant had commanded. Her slight limbs almost refused to perform their office, and the savage finding threats insufficient to quicken her pace, was proceeding to stripes, when suddenly she felt herself raised in the air, and in a few minutes beheld herself in the charming island of Otaheite.

New hopes instantly sprang up in her mind, and were as speedily dissipated by the scenes which presented themselves. The inhabitants, accustomed to obey on the instant every impulse of nature, gave, by their licentiousness, continual shocks to her delicacy; every instant she was constrained to turn aside her eyes to avoid sights which filled her with disgust. Sick of uncivilized life, and convinced that certain restraints, and even anxieties, heighten the pleasure of love, she was meditating on the means of escaping to more polished, though less inartificial regions, when again Morpheus opportunely lent his aid, and transported her among the New Zealanders; a race of savages, indeed, but of another description from those she had quitted.

Scarcely had she shewn herself, when she was constrained to receive as a husband one of the rude and uncultivated natives. The inhabitants of New Zealand, however, in common with other American tribes, are insensible to the charms of beauty, and the power of love; and the susceptible Celina found sufficient subject for complaint in the coldness and indifference with which she was treated. Her husband had been at no pains during his courtship, to win her favour by the assiduities which are so gratifying to the mind of sensibility, and he was still less solicitous afterwards to obtain it by indulgence and gentleness. But this was not all; the tribe of which Celina had become a member, were on the eve of a war with a neighbouring horde, and in conformity to the custom of the country, she was ordered to prepare to attend her husband to the battle.

In carrying on their wars, the savages of America proceed in a manner very different to the operations of civilized nations

in similar cases; they never take the field in numerous bodies, as it would require a greater effort of foresight and industry, than is usual among savages, to provide for their subsistence during a march of some hundred miles through dreary forests, or during a long voyage upon their immense lakes and rivers. Their armies are not encumbered with baggage or military stores; each warrior, besides his arms, carries a mat, and a small bag of pounded maize, and with these, is completely equipped for any service. While at a distance from the enemy's frontier, they disperse through the woods, and support themselves with the game which they catch; as they approach nearer to the territories of the nation which they intend to attack, they collect their troops, and advance with greater caution. Even then they proceed wholly by stratagem, and ambuscade; they place not their glory in attacking their enemies with open force; to surprise and destroy, is the greatest merit of a commander, and the highest pride of his followers. War and hunting are their only occupations, and they conduct both with the same arts; they follow the track of the enemy through the forest; they endeavour to discover their haunts, they lurk in some thicket near to these, and with the patience of a sportsman lying in wait for game, will continue in their station day after day, until they can rush upon their prey when least able to resist them. If they meet no straggling party of the enemy, they advance towards their villages, but with such solicitude to conceal their approach, that they often creep on their hands and feet through the woods, and paint their skins of the same colour with the withered leaves, in order to avoid detection. If so fortunate as to remain unobserved, they set fire to their huts in the dead of night, and massacre their inhabitants as they fly naked and defenceless from the flames. If they hope to effect a retreat without being pursued, they carry off some prisoners, whom they reserve for a more dreadful fate; but if, notwithstanding all their address and precautions, they find that their motions are discovered, that the enemy has taken the alarm, and is prepared to oppose them, they usually deem it most prudent to retire; they regard it as an extreme folly to meet upon equal terms an enemy who is on his guard, or to give battle in an open field. The most distinguished success is a disgrace to a leader, if purchased with any considerable loss of his followers; and they never boast of a victory, if stained with the blood of their countrymen. To fall in battle, instead of being reckoned an honourable death, is a misfortune which subjects the memory of a warrior to the imputation of rashness or imprudence.

In all these toils the unhappy Celina was compelled to share, except those which the proximity of the enemy spared her. At length her tribe was surprised while asleep (for though vigilance and attention are the qualities chiefly requisite where the object of war is to deceive and surprise, the American savages never station sentinels around the place where they rest at night,) and the greatest part of it cut off before they were at all sensible of the danger. One of the conquerors seized upon Celina, and, grinning with the delight afforded by the anticipation of the luxurious repast her white delicate limbs would afford, delivered her to his attendants to be roasted, among other female captives, for the banquet of victory.

The situation of the fair dreamer may be imagined, it cannot be described; she knelt, she supplicated, she threw herself deluged with tears, at the feet of the remorseless chief; but vain was every attempt to move compassion in the bosom of the obdurate barbarian. The fire was kindled, and the lovely victim led fettered towards it. Morpheus, however, once more interposed, lent her his wings, borne on which, she arrived at Pekin.

The singular and novel appearance of every thing she beheld, rivetted her attention. On each side of a wide street extended a long line of buildings, consisting of shops and warehouses; the particular goods of which, were displayed in groupes in the front of the houses. Before these were generally erected large wooden pillars, whose tops were much higher than the sides of the houses, bearing inscriptions in gilt letters, setting forth the nature of the wares to be sold, and the honest reputation of the seller; and to attract the more notice, they were generally hung with various coloured flags and streamers, and ribbands, from top to bottom, exhibiting the appearance of a line of shipping dressed in the colours of all the nations of Europe. The sides of the houses were not less brilliant in the several colours with which they were painted; these consisted generally of sky-blue, or green, mixed with gold. What appeared to her very singular was, that the articles for sale which made the greatest show, were coffins for the dead; the most splendid European coffin furniture would make but a poor figure, if placed beside that intended for a wealthy Chinese. Next to those, her attention was attracted by the brilliant appearance of the funeral biers, and marriage cars, both of which were covered with ornamental canopies. At the four points, where the great streets intersect one another, were erected those singular buildings, sometimes of stone, but generally of wood, which have been called triumphal arches, but which are, in fact, monuments to the memory of those who had deserved well of the community, or who had attained an unusual longevity; they consist invariably of a large central gateway, with a small one on each side, all of which are covered with narrow roofs; and, like the houses, painted, varnished, and gilt in the most superb manner. The multitude of moveable workshops of tinkers, butchers, cobblers, and blacksmiths, the tents and booths where tea, fruit, rice, and other eatables are exposed for sale, with the wares and merchandize arrayed before the doors, contracted the spacious street to a narrow road in the middle, just wide enough for two carriages to pass. Different trains that are accompanying, with lamentable

cries, a corpse to the grave, and, with squalling music, brides to meet their husbands, the troops of dromedaries laden with coal from Tartary, the wheel-barrows and hand carts stuffed with vegetables, occupy nearly the whole of this middle space in one continued line; all was in motion. The sides of the streets were filled with an immense concourse of people, buying and selling, and bartering their different commodities. The hurry and confused noise of this mixed multitude, proceeding from the loud bawling of those who were crying their wares, the wrangling of others, with every now and then a strange twanging noise like the jarring of a cracked Jew's harp, the barber's signal made by his tweezers, the mirth and the laughter that prevailed in every group, could scarcely be exceeded by the brokers in the Bank rotunda in London, or by the Jews and old women in Rosemary lane; pedlars with their packs, jugglers, conjurers fortune-tellers, mountebanks, quack doctors, comedians, and musicians, let no space unoccupied.

While Celina was gazing with astonishment on this diversified scene, she beheld with horror, a cart pass containing a number of dead bodies of infants. She had read in several authors, that the city of Pekin was disgraced by the horrible custom of infanticide, but till now she had hoped the assertion was unfounded in truth.* She shuddered at the conviction, and before her countenance had lost the traces of her feelings, she was accosted by a Mandarin. Struck with her beauty, he made proposals of marriage, which she as promptly accepted; but shut up in a splendid palace, and guarded with the most vigilant jealousy, she soon bitterly regretted having formed this hasty union. The splendour of every thing that surrounded her, and the homage which she received from her inferior slaves, afforded her no consolation for the loss of her own liberty, or the infidelity of a husband who, she found, far from confining his attentions to herself, polluted the marital bed by sharing it with a hundred others. Disgusted with him, and with the tedium incident to the solitude in which she passed the greatest part of her time, she planned, and effected her escape.

She then fancied herself at the Cape of Good Hope, where the first person she encountered, was an African Boor. Of all human beings, the Boor of the Cape is the most detestable; in cruelty he surpasses the most ferocious savage; in dirt and indolence he is unequalled. the walls of his wretched habitation are covered with spiders of an enormous size, and the vermin and filth which lay on the floor, are never removed till absolute necessity compels him to this exertion; he has no linen for his table, no knives, no forks, no spoons; he carries in his pocket a large knife, with which he carves meat for the family; indifferent bread and vegetables, stewed in sheep's fat, are his usual fare, and when he eats meat, messes of mutton are stewed up in grease; this luxury he devours in great quantities, bolting it down as some of our porters would for a wager; his most urgent wants are satisfied in the easiest manner possible, to save exertion. Such was the detestable object which fell to Celina's lot at the Cape. To paint her feelings, is impossible; treated with the most brutal barbarity, and constrained to make soap or candles, or go through some other drudgery, she daily dragged on an existence, the termination of which, would have been happiness.

The energies of poor Celina's mind were nearly annihilated by the evils which now oppressed her, and which seemed durable as life, from the little possibility there appeared of her being able to escape. She did escape, however, and her last translation was to Asiatic Turkey, where she fell into the hands of a Jew dealer in slaves. She was purchased by a Mussulman, who conveyed her to his haram; where, regardless of the preliminary forms of courtship, he instantly began an attack upon her person. Shocked and disgusted at this brutality, Celina vigourously repulsed him, but anger augmenting his natural superiority in strength she was nearly overpowered. when suddenly perceiving a dagger in his belt, she snatched it, and attempted to stab him. In the struggle she awoke, and experienced a delightful revulsion of feeling, on beholding Dorval at her bed side.

The impression left on her mind made her feel in their full force all the advantages of her situation, while it diminished the magnitude of all her real inconveniences, and annihilated those of fancy. From this period her discontent vanished, and if ever under any circumstances it threatened to return, she took a retrospect of the miseries to which she had been subjected in her dream, and by reflecting that, instead of the mingled good and evil which was her present lot, she might, had it pleased Providence, have been doomed to the unchequered wretchedness of some of her visionary situations, she effectually kept at a distance the enemy of her repose, gradually domesticated her husband, and proved, that though life furnished no happiness without alloy, it supplies enough to satisfy every rational expectation.

* It is an absolute fact, that no punishment attends, in this country, the inhuman practice of destroying infants; on the contrary, carts appointed by the police, go round Pekin every morning, for the purpose of picking up the bodies of such infants as may have been thrown out into the streets during the night, and no enquiries whatever are made. It is said, but we will hope this is an exaggeration of an inhumanity sufficiently atrocious, that such of the infants as are living, are thrown along with the others into a common pit without the city walls. "When I mention," says Mr. Barrow, speaking on this subject, "that dogs and swine are let loose in all the narrow streets of the capital, the reader may conceive what will sometimes necessarily happen to the exposed infants, before the police carts can pick them up." *Barrow's Travels in China.*

IMMORTALITY.

Frederick the Great was extremely fond of making the immortality of the

soul a topic of discourse, and generally adverted to it, when learned men, whose opinions and principles he was inclined to sound, were presented to him. It was seldom, however, that he allowed any one to differ from him on that point, and it was still more dangerous for any one to attempt to support an opinion adverse to his own. He soon lost his patience, and always confounded his antagonist by some sudden sally, which was seldom couched in the most *gentle* terms. A Berlin Academian was once advancing a chain of arguments in favour of the immortality of the soul, when Frederick suddenly interrupted him, by exclaiming:—"What, sir, you wish to be *immortal?* Pray, what have you done to deserve it?"

OTWAY.

In a work on Dramatic simplicity of sentiment and diction, by Thomas Dermody, is the following forcible and correct sketch of a poet, who often dazzles us when we ought to be offended.

"What can I say of Otway; the plaintive, the tender, the soul-distracting Otway: who, by some secret magic, can bid us at one moment pity, and detest; scorn, and admire; and shed the sympathizing tear over the fall of vice itself? To omit Venice Preserved, of which the hero is a factious cut-throat, and the second character an uxorious, treacherous, whimpering coward—let us turn to the Orphan. Not to say that Monimia is an exact semblance of a longing, irresolute, boarding-school girl; Chamont an ungrateful hot headed bully, deserving to be cashiered from any regiment; and Acasto, a mere walking old gentleman; how horrid, how absurd, is the fraternal compact! and how blameable the professed hypocrisy and deceit of Castalio; who will not own that he is justly punished yet does not deplore that punishment in the end! This is the skill, the fancy, the irresistible witchery of the poet, that elicits light from darkness, and averts the dazzled eye from deformity, by a soft insinuative enchantment of verbal delusion. Take away sentiment and diction, pathetic expostulation, and the voice of Nature personified, how will the splendid fabric vanish, and what will we discover but licentiousness and disgust, beneath this veil of roses! Such are the charms of appropriate and energetic language.

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A DISPOSITION to repine at our situation in life, is too prevalent. It is by comparison alone, that we can truly estimate our good or ill fortune, and in whatever difficulty we may be involved from that source, we may derive consolation. A highly celebrated author furnishes the following passage:

"My lot might have been that of a slave, a savage, or a peasant, nor can I reflect without pleasure, on the bounty of nature, which cast my birth in a free and civilized country in an age of science and philosophy, in a family of honorable rank, and decently endowed with the gifts of fortune." *Gibbon.*

AN EAST WIND.

Few of our readers are in the habit of considering the prevalence of an east wind as among the "comforts of life." If they can be persuaded of the truth of the following positions, they may set it down for the future as among the very best of luxuries. *(Emerald.*

An East wind, however it may shake your nerves, is not so ill a wind as to blow nobody any good. It rouses the frame, which at first shivers under it, to a consciousness of lively sensibility. It awakens torpor to vivacity. It furnishes a man with a portable thermometer, which he can no more lose, than drop his own bones out of his body. It improves the charms of a flannel waistcoat, a Welch wig, a warm great coat, and a snug place in the chimney corner. It gives by deep felt contrast, more genial freshness, and softness, and balmy fragrance to the breezes from the West. It presents by its influence on the over sensitive and testy appearances so ridiculously impatient and deplorable, that it is impossible for even sympathetic tenderness not to be roused by them to merriment. It teaches us to take care of our health, by convincing us how easily that may be shaken. It heightens the eagerness of our expectation for the genuine summer of June, and renders the delights of that month doubly dear to us when they arrive. Above all, it furnishes matter of condolence, carping and complaint to multitudes of persons who cannot live without them, and whom spring might otherwise deprive of subjects over which to mourn.

Saturday, September 5,

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MR. COOPER advertises the opening the new theatre on Wednesday evening next. The interior of the house has undergone an entire alteration, and is much more commodious and magnificent than formerly. Judges have pronounced it the most splendid theatre in the United States.

The City Inspector reports the death of 73 persons, during the week, ending on Saturday last.

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MARRIED,

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Kuypers, Mr. ——— Bedford, of Fishkill, to Mrs. Eleanor Smith, widow of the late Stephen Smith, of this city.

On Monday morning, at Jamaica, L. I. Capt. John Randlet, of this city, to Miss Letty Pettit, of that place.

At Baltimore, on the 28th inst. by the rev. Mr. Inglis, Jesse L. Keene, Esq. to Miss Bryden, daughter of James Bryden, Esq. of that place.

.....all, that live, must die;
passing through nature to eternity."

DIED,

On Friday morning last, at her father's country seat at Poughkeepsie, Mrs. Rebecca Bailey, wife of General Theodorus Bailey, Post master, of this city.

At Portland, Edward Preble, Esq. late commander of the United States squadron in the Mediterranean.

At Trenton, on Saturday last, Isaac Smith, Esq. in the 72d year of his age,—late President of the Bank of Trenton.

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

ALCANZOR AND ZAIDA.

BY——PERCY.

A Moorish Tale imitated from the Spanish.

Softly blow the eastern breezes,
Softly fall the dews of night;
Yonder walks the Moor Alcanzor,
Shunning every glare of light.

In yon palace lives fair Zaida,
Whom he loves with flame so pure:
Loviest she of Moorish ladies,
He a young and noble Moor.

Waiting for the appointed minute,
Oft he paces to and fro:
Stopping now, now moving forwards,
Sometimes quick and sometimes slow.

Hope and fear alternate seize him,
Oft he sighs with heart-felt care.
See, fond youth, to yonder window
Softly steps the timorous fair.

Lovely seems the moon's fair lustre
To the lost benighted swain,
When all silvery bright she rises,
Gilding mountain, grove, and plain.

Lovely seems the sun's first glory,
To the fainting seaman's eyes,
When some horrid storm dispersing,
O'er the wave his radience flies:

But a thousand times more lovely
To her longing lover's sight
Steals half-veil'd the beauteous maiden
Thro' the glimmerings of the night.

Tip-toe stands the anxious lover,
Whispering forth a gentle sigh:
Allah keep thee, lovely lady;
Tell me, am I doom'd to die?

Is it true, the dreadful story,
Which thy damsel tells my page,
That, seduc'd by sordid riches,
Thou wilt sell thy bloom to age?

An old lord from Antiquera
Thy stern father brings along;
But canst thou, inconstant Zaida,
Thus consent my love to wrong?

If't is true, now plainly tell me,
Nor thus trifle with my woes;
Hide then not from me the secret,
Which the world so clearly knows.

Deeply sigh'd the conscious maiden,
While the pearly tears descend:
Ah! my lord, too true the story;
Here our tender loves must end.

Our fond friendship is discovered,
Well are known our mutual vows;
All my friends are full of fury,
Storms of passion shake the house.

Threats, reproaches, fears surround me;
My stern father breaks my heart;
Alla knows how dear it cost me,
Generous youth, from thee to part.

Ancient wounds of hostile fury
Long have rent our house and thine;
Why then did thy shining merit
Win this tender heart of mine?

Well thou know'st how dear I lov'd thee,
Spite of all thy hateful pride,
Tho' I fear'd my haughty father
Ne'er would let me be thy bride.

Well thou know'st what cruel chidings
Oft I've from my mother borne,
What I've suffer'd here to meet thee
Still at eve and early morn.

I no longer may resist them;
All, to force my hand combine;
And to-morrow to thy rival
This weak frame I must resign.

Yet think not thy faithful Zaida
Can survive so great a wrong;
Well my breaking heart assures me
That my woes will not be long.

Farewel then, my dear Alcanzor!
Farewel too my life with thee!
Take this scarf, a parting token;
When thou wear'st it think on me.

Soon, lov'd youth, some worthier maiden
Shall reward thy generous truth;
Sometimes tell her how thy Zaida
Died for thee in prime of youth.

—To him, all amazed, confounded,
Thus she did her woes impart:
Deep he sigh'd, then cried, O Zaida,
Do not, do not break my heart.

Canst thou think I thus will lose thee?
Canst thou hold my love so small?
No! a thousand times I'll perish!—
My curst rival too shall fall.

Canst thou, wilt thou yield thus to them?
O break forth, and fly to me!
This fond heart shall bleed to save thee,
These fond arms shall shelter thee.

'Tis in vain, in vain, Alcanzor,
Spies surround me, bars secure:
Scarce I steal this last dear moment,
While my damsel keeps the door.

Hark, I hear my father storming!
Hark, I hear my mother chide!
I must go: farewell for ever!
Gracious Alla be thy guide!

LOVE, A CHILD.

My mother, dear good creature, says
That Love with all his coaxing ways,
Is fierce as any ferrit;
But lord she'll never prove to me
That such a little child as he,
Can hurt a girl of spirit.

I'm sure the ev'ning before last,
The choicest, sweetest whispers pass'd
Between—but that's no matter:
I know I thought Love very charming,
And not by any means alarming,
For all my mother's clatter.

However, just to ease my mind,
(Though we keep my mother blind)
I'll search for love with Thomas;
For even if her fears are true,
An infant is no match for two;
He'll meet with something from us.

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